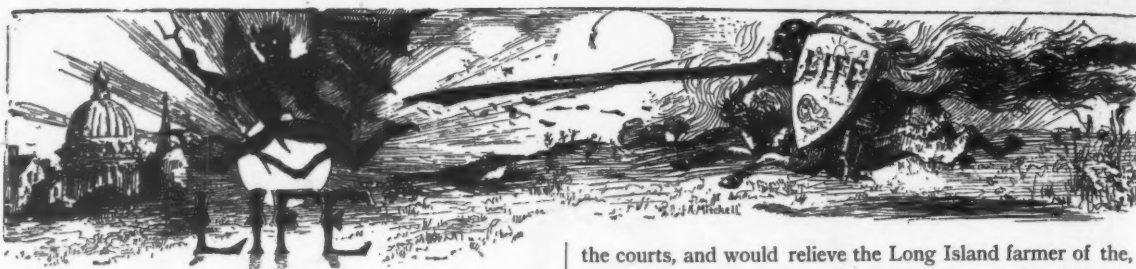




SWEET MEMORIES.

Miss Beacon (from Boston): THIS IS GOOD WEATHER FOR REPENTANCE, MR. FOLLIBUD. IT OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A REALIZING SENSE OF YOUR FUTURE.

Jack Follibud (who forgets where she is from): HELL HAS NO TERROR FOR ME, MISS BEACON. I HAVE LIVED IN BOSTON.



VOL. VI. JULY 23D, 1885. NO. 134.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 50 cents per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III. and IV., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

NOW that another "literary feller" has been fined for assaulting a small boy, the advantages of the scheme, proposed by LIFE some months since, to form a company to fill this long felt want of the novelist by supplying boys to be thrashed on commutation rates, will be appreciated.

Mr. Boyesen's little *seance* with the "small boy causing deafness," was somewhat more expensive than Mr. Hawthorne's \$40 flogging, but we must remember that the former gentleman was tried in New York City, where the cost of luxuries is higher than on the farms of Long Island, where they manage to have everything in season.

THERE is that in mankind, and especially in literary mankind, which makes it necessary on occasions for "somebody to be hurt," and as the small boy is the only one likely to be hurt without harboring vengeful feelings, it is but natural that on this occasion only he should be that somebody. And, as the literary man seems to prefer the imported to the home-made article, it invariably happens that it is somebody else's boy who is thus brought into prominence.

Now, if capitalists are so afraid of their money as to utterly ignore the small boy investment, why do not our authors and our possessors of bad boys combine, the party of the first part agreeing to consume all that the party of the second part will supply?

For instance, a Long Island farmer may be possessed of a son, who in turn is possessed of the devil, and a New York *littérateur* may be seized with a desire at least once a week to pulverize something human, but at the same time of so embryonic a degree of humanity that it can't hit back. Then, matters having been arranged beforehand, a word from the author would cause the youth possessed of the devil to be sent to his residence, and that week's accumulation of sheol in his system summarily removed, and his peculiarity for causing deafness, if perchance he have it, eradicated by the *littérateur's* efforts.

Some such scheme as this would keep literature out of

the courts, and would relieve the Long Island farmer of the, to him, unpleasant Sunday morning's duty of thrashing all his children.

THE Indian war is to be vigorously prosecuted by the Government, but the prosecution, we regret to say, is not to be transferred from the Department of War to that of Justice.

The army, in all its present glory of officers who constitute, we believe, about 75% of the forces, is to be concentrated about the frontiers of Kansas, to protect the defenceless citizens of that State against the depredations of a band of one hundred Cheyennes.

In the meanwhile, what is to be done toward protecting the Indians from marauding parties organized on the Kansas side of the border?

It may be true that the only decent Indian is the dead Indian, but the vilest conceivable criminal has some rights which cannot be ignored, and we have every reason to believe that as between the border ruffians of Kansas, and the formidable one hundred Cheyennes, the former, in the matter of thievery and committing of outrages, are deserving of very little sympathy.

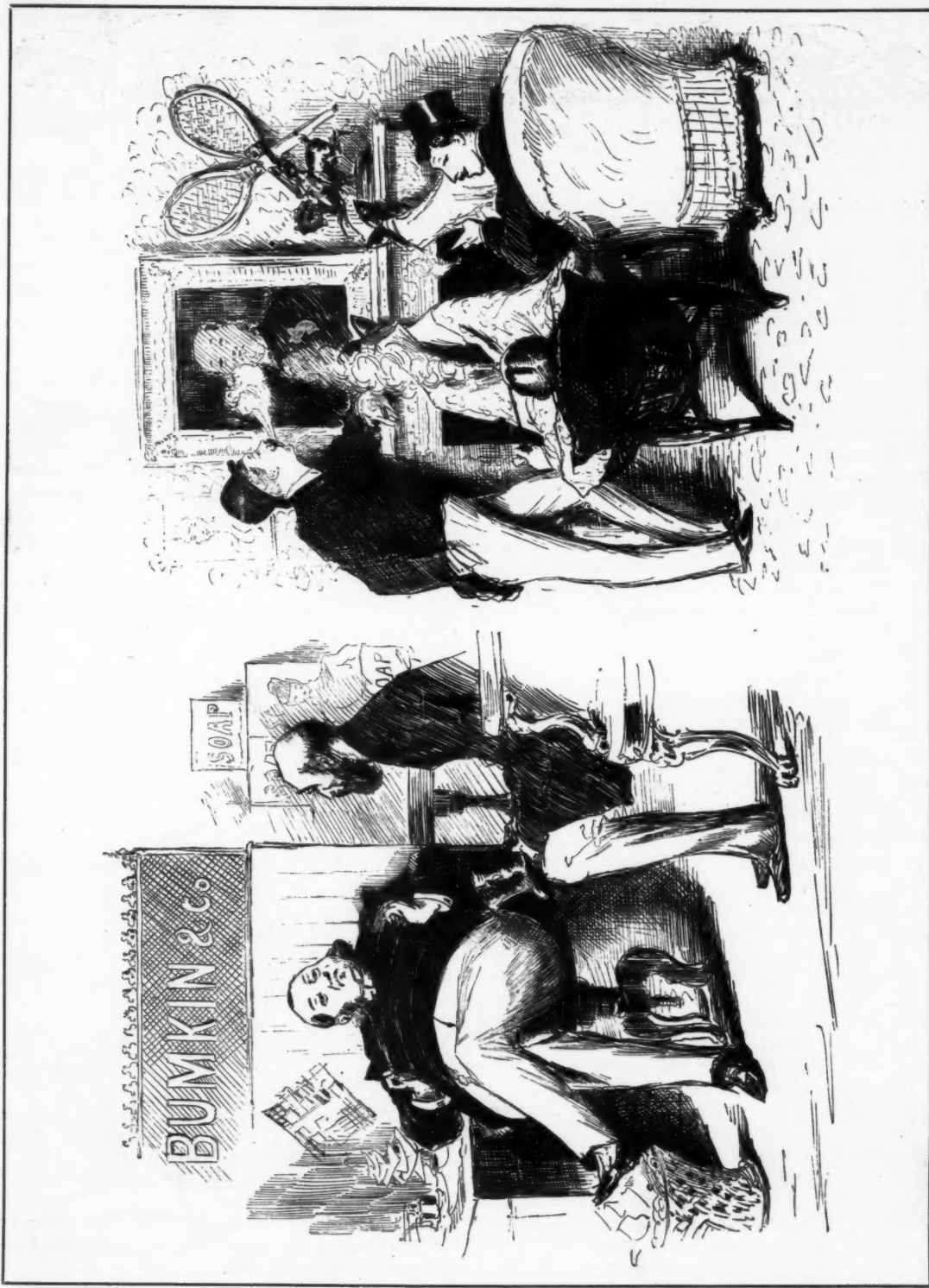
THAT ancient mariner, John Roach, has furnished the public with a card signed by a few dozen engineers and several brigades of ex-commanders, captains, and lieutenants commending the *Dolphin*, and saying that they haven't seen any evidences of structural weakness, journalistic torridity, or constitutional sluggishness about the vessel.

Perhaps not, and, when we come to think of it, it does not make much difference whether these gentlemen, who are at least not in the Governmental employ, see evidences of these Roachly qualities or not.

We suggest that all Mr. Roach can do now to restore public confidence in his craft—sailing craft we mean—is to get Blind Tom to sign a testimonial to the *Dolphin's* good qualities, coupled with the statement that, as far as he can see, she is all right.

THE red-hot Republican organs are unanimously of the opinion that it is shameful that the United States Government should refuse to accept a vessel simply because she can't float in a heavy sea, and should utterly ignore the fact that she can ride beautifully at anchor without seriously straining her hull. And they further add that when, not content with this, the legal adviser of the Government stoops so low as to recommend that a poor, defenceless contractor be made to return the money paid for her, it becomes a national disgrace.

This is a matter for the most searching enquiry.



THE MANUFACTURE OF ARISTOCRACY.



A RECEIPT.

WITH LIFE'S APOLOGIES TO MESSRS. GILBERT & SULLIVAN.

IF you want a receipt for that popular* mystery
Known to the world as the daily *Tribune*,
Take all the old chestnuts and obsolete history,
Rattle them off to a worn out tune.
The cheek of a Chandler on board of the Omaha;
Terror of Roach when trying his boats;
Reform of a Higgins (which causeth a ha! ha! ha!);
Coolness of Ferdinand pocketing notes;
The science of Sullivan, eminent fistical;
Wit from the Ark when on her first trip;
News of last season; manner quite mystical,
After the style of a hen with the pip;
Dash of O'Donovan lacking direction, sir;
Narrative powers in time of election, sir;
Baron Munchausen and G. Francis Train;
The late Horace Greeley and still later Blaine;
Thomas P. Ochiltree; Old Bloody Shirt
Senator Logan, the linguist expert—
Take of these elements all that's irrational,
Fill in with paragraphs very sensational,
Set 'em to simmer and print in small type,
And Whitelaw Reid's organ is mellow and ripe.

* Poetic license.

MRS. SPRIGGINS is of the opinion that something
"incisive should be done instantaneously to them
Quinine Indian outragers."

NOTICE.

MR. HENRY HODGE, of Long Island, calls the attention of literary gentlemen and others suffering from *irritabilia*, to his extra fine assortment of small boys, which he is prepared to furnish at considerably below cost for thrashing purposes.

TERMS: Double-back-action boy, warranted to return good for evil..... \$10 00
Ten-year-old orphan, with tendencies to deafness. 7 50
Four months' commutation ticket for colored boy, special summer rates..... 13 00
10% off for cash.
Boys must be returned in good order.
Address: Box 7694, Long Island City.

SQUIRRELS, in speaking of their progeny, never use the expression, "He is a chip of the old block." They have it, "He is a chip of the old munk!"

THE recent exposures of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are only surprising to those who are not quite up in the knowledge of what is "English, you know."

MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX is said to do all her literary work in a cosy little room on the top floor of her house.

Mrs. Wilcox must be an attic poet.

THE *World*, in speaking of the Noyes episode, says that in making that appointment Mr. Cleveland rendered ridiculous all that the Democratic papers have said concerning the great fraud of '76.

The next thing we know the President will be starting a company for the purpose of carrying coals to Newcastle.

THE ex-Miss Morosini is now said to be studying for the stage.

This is what comes of marrying a coachman. She might at least have kept up the standard set by her husband, and studied for a Cheap Cab.

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



'TIS VERY LIKE HE HATH THE FALLING DISEASE.

—Julius Caesar.

SAYS the *Chicago Current*: "When the bad small boy returns at night to his home he often finds there a breeze brewing, and usually there is a spanking one."

Likewise followed by light reins and squawls.

LONDON society states that Lady Freake is at home at Twickenham on Saturdays. Lady Freake must be the celebrated Aunty-Fat Woman.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

ALREADY through the soft, green haze
Of glad spring air and blossoms' maze,
I seem to see thy form appear—
Bewitching form, in all the gear
A summer girl wears nowadays.

Thy dresses are enough to craze
A lover; also him who pays
The bills—thy patient father dear,
O Summer Girl.

Of tennis courts and shady ways,
Secure from any prying gaze,
I dream. And then a face so near—
You know—then letters half a year,
Then verses in another's praise,
O Summer Girl.

F. E. Wing.



AN OVERWORKED FIELD FOR FICTION.

WILL the great American public never tire of reading novels of Boston life? Must every weary citizen of this wide Republic, when he sits down for an hour's recreation in the flowery fields of Fable-land, be compelled to contemplate the types of perfect culture common to the city of Butler and Sullivan, or else read imported fiction?

The field has been overworked. Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe and Howells have given us about all there is of the romance and reality of New England life. And yet William H. Rideing can find no better background for his novel, "A Little Upstart." That is the greatest load his story is compelled to carry.

If Boston does not swamp it, the dedication, "To my old friend, Edgar Fawcett," will.

* * *

THE author has also resorted to a cheap device for gaining notoriety by introducing slightly disguised caricatures of Sallie Pratt McLean, Joaquin Miller, and John

Boyle O'Reilly—two of which are anything but complimentary to their originals.

Of course, there is some very good writing in the book, for Mr. Rideing is a literary man of ability and experience. We are, therefore, surprised to find such a clumsy and ponderous sentence as this: "The Colonel, too, was wearisome with his uxoriousness, his urbanity, his sodden inebriety, and his alternations of colloquialism and grandiloquence."

The latter half of the novel is weak in construction and disagreeable in sentiment. The vulgarity of Mrs. Ames is not even entertaining. (Cupples, Upham & Co.)

* * *

AND here is another story with the same arid background! It is called "A New England Conscience." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) In it Belle C. Greene endeavors to describe the moral and intellectual conflict which takes place when a wave of Boston Radicalism, such as is preached by the Rev. M. J. Savage, strikes an orthodox New England village. A fine exhibition of the "Mind Cure" also adds to the religious complication.

All such stuff is a caricature of literature, and is not worthy of serious consideration.

We are ready for a new era of American fiction when the West, the South, and the great Middle States, filled with splendid material for romance, will find their true interpreters; and Cable, E. W. Howe, and Craddock are the heralds of its coming.

Droch.

INTERCEPTED LETTER.

D. B. Hill, Esq.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1885.

DEAR GOVERNOR:

CAN we make an arrangement with you to furnish our "Pebbles" column with jokes during the summer. Your idea of running for Governor is one of the most laughable conceits of the season, and we feel that if you and Mr. Flower would consent to edit our "Pebbles" during the hot season the highly moral ridiculousness of that department would be rendered more picturesque. Please answer by return mail.

Very truly yours,

CAIUS SCISSOR CLIPPER.

Ed. N. Y. Dependent.



HEY, BILLIE; KETCH ON TER ME!



BILLIE KETCHES ON.



HOW TO ADDRESS THE PRESIDENT.

THE Democratic party has been so long out of power that its members find great difficulty in knowing just how to address the present incumbent of the Presidential Chair.

We have, therefore, compiled the subjoined guide to Presidential addressors, which we trust will be found of service.

The inscription *Ex-Sheriff G. Cleveland, President*, has ceased to be *de rigueur* since Mr. Cleveland declined to give the postmastership of Buffalo to one of his old friends in adversity who addressed him in that manner. As a general rule, policy requires that the occupant of the White House should not be addressed so as to remind him of the days when he manned the rigging of a gallows.

Nor, indeed, is the address *Grover Cleveland, Esq., Dear Steve*, considered good form, although old friends are sometimes pardoned for thus alluding to his Excellency.

It is rumored, indeed, that the gentleman who addressed the President as above received a postmastership worth \$10 a year to the country, in memory of a raid on a neighbor's apple orchard in younger days.

"Colonel Cleveland, Buffalo," with the word Buffalo erased and the words "try White House, Washington," substituted, is good form only for members of the President's old regiment who live in Philadelphia, and who have in consequence not yet heard of Mr. Cleveland's triumph over Mr. Blaine.

It is, perhaps, needless to add that the address,

STEPHEN G. CLEVELAND,

c/o THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,

Washington, D. C.

is almost sure to meet with the President's disapproval, and ruin whatever chance for office might have otherwise remained to the addressor during the present administration. Of course, in the event of the President's death, the addressor would come in for official preferment at the hands of Mr. Hendricks, but this, we are glad to say, seems a very remote possibility.

Having given a few examples of the most flagrant breaches of Addressatory Etiquette, we leave our further injunctions to the good sense of our Democratic readers. Any address—besides those above enumerated—may be used with impunity, although it may be well to warn correspondents that the President pays very little attention to applications for foreign missions written on postal cards, and with the additional injunction that all letters sent be fully covered with postage, with stamped envelopes enclosed for reply—not necessarily to convey appointments, but as a guarantee of good faith and source of Governmental revenue—we leave the subject.

Carlyle Smith.

TOLD BY A TOURIST.

(FLY.)

I'M only a little creature,
And yet I've traveled far,
From North to South, from East to West,
Not needing boat nor car;
I have been in noble castles,
And stayed in hovels, too;
I've sought the man of Gentile birth,
Yet not despised the Jew.

I've flown about America
From morn to even's close,
I've taken stand on Cleveland's head,
And tickled Hendrick's toes;
For riches I've but small respect,
I stick fast when I can,
And little matters it to me
If Vanderbilt's the man.

I loitered long in English lands
With commons and with peers,
Victoria's self I've bothered much,
And buzzed in Gladstone's ears;
In Hatfield House, in County Herts,
I sought a calm repose,
And tried to sink to slumber sweet
On England's Premier's nose.

P. L. B.

A NEW NOVEL.

A NEW YORK standard magazine announces that it will soon begin a new serial by a popular author. The closing chapter is here given without permission. The fine dramatic climax with which it closes at once discloses the authorship:

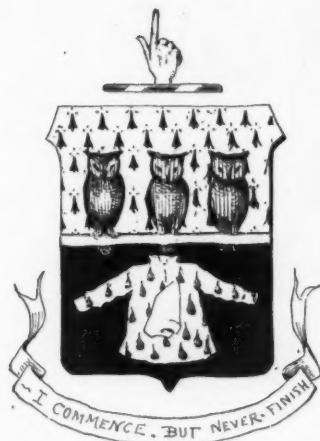
CHAPTER MDCXXXI.

"In the sombre twilight their forms were dimly outlined against the drab, fluffy sky. He knelt at her feet, resting upon his right knee, his manly face veneered with a look of calm but earnest determination. The vexatious problem that oppressed, but could not crush him, cast the shadow of a lurid pathos all over him. Even his cravat, infected with the contagion of example, had tied itself into a hard knot. She looked down at him for a moment, then lifted her strange, soulful, wearied gaze from the earth and deposited it upon a bank of mouse-colored clouds that had captured a section of the dying sunset on the far-off horizon. His unselfish task was little, yet heavy, and not without the divine element of self-sacrifice. The world does not justly understand and value commonplace experiences, because it does not sound their secret depths and catch the sibylline whisper of their ulterior significance. If a commonplace, beef-eating, side-whiskered clod-hopper had gazed upon the scene as St. Andrew knelt at her feet, he would have said that St. Andrew was simply scraping the mud off her shoes with his open pen-

THE AMERICAN PEERAGE.

[COMPILED BY PERK, ULTERIOR KNIGHT FOR MANHATTAN.]

Efforts.



EFFORTS, WILLIAM M., Earl of Windsor (Vt.), and Senator elect from New York.

Lineage: Earl Efforts traces to Demosthenes and back again in one continuous sentence, which is still unfinished. Like Demosthenes, he holds pebbles in his mouth when making speeches, and occasionally mingles them with his pearls of eloquence.

The noble earl was a member of the famous Apollinaris Cabinet under Hayes, thus escaping suspicion of complicity with the (Cabinet) Whiskey Ring. By his election to the Senate he has made himself one of the greatest Efforts of his life. He lives in splendor on his two States, and has a large number of retainers.

Arms: Ermine, a bar (legal), sable, with three owls perched upon it, proper. In base, a shirt, guttes du sang, inscribed with a Roman nose, proper.

Crest: A hand with forensic forefinger rampant.

Motto: "I commence, but never finish."

Seat: Senate-side, Washington D. C.; Town house, The Labyrinth, New York.

Clubs: Bond-holders' League, and Language Club.

Moretun.



MORETUN, LEVI P., Baronet, Gentleman-in-waiting and Soap-dispenser Extraordinary.

Lineage: Sir Levi Moretun descends from the Honor family, a long way, and is of pure Christian ancestry, as indicated by his first name.

His profound intellect and great literary attainments have been rewarded by large wealth; but other studies caused a deficiency in English, which rendered it advisable to appoint him Minister to France. The baronet's modest and shrinking disposition has made it difficult for him to fill all the offices he would like.

M. Moretun has aspired to political greatness with such frequent fidelity that he is best known among those with whom he is thrown as Solicitor-General Moretun. He is a leading light in the party of the Left, by whom he is regarded as a pillar of strength.

Arms: A vacant (office) shield.

Crest: A billet (of wood) surmounted by a mark of interrogation.

Motto: "What Next?"

Seats: Logroll Hall, Washington, and Lobbi house, Albany.

Clubs: Gents', and Boodle's.

knife. And so he was, but was this all? By no means. St. Andrew's penetrating poetic soul perceived at once that, in scraping off the mud, he was soiling his fingers and melting his collar, thus paving the way for heroism and self-sacrifice.

"As they withdrew from the spot, she said: 'The western sky is so beautiful!' He replied: 'I always preferred the eastern sky.' Here was a point of severance, and the weight of an ominous foreboding rested upon them. He went west, although he preferred the eastern sky, married a Comanche widow, and settled down on a ranche. She married

a Dutchman and lives on a market garden in New Jersey. They are good friends; but do n't speak, because they never have a chance."

FINIS.

This novel is by the author of the following popular works: "A Lady's Slipper;" "He Said He Did;" "The Undiscovered Caramel;" "The Phial of Lip Salve;" "The White Cravat;" "The Croquet Mallet;" "The Plate of Chicken Salad;" "Just a Peanut Hull;" "The Rise of the Light Bread;" "The Candy-Smeared Finger;" etc., etc.

J. A. M.

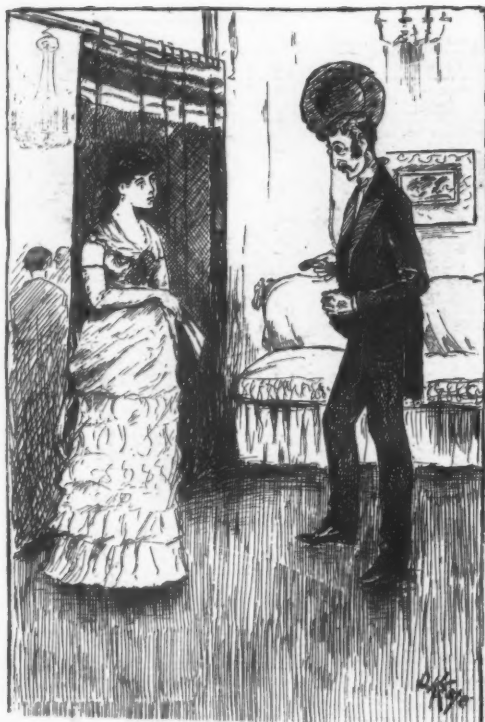


THE COOKS MAY EAT IT

LIFE.



AY AT IT THEMSELVES.



He (who poses for thirty-eight): YES, THIS LOCKET HAS BEEN IN OUR FAMILY AT LEAST FIFTY YEARS.

She (innocently): HOW LOVELY! AND WHERE DID YOU BUY IT?

THE WICKED GIRL.

SHE was lying
In a hammock, softly sighing
In her sleep.
(Vulgar people call it snoring)
To her side I silent creep.

Ah, how fair!
From tiny foot to golden hair
Her I love,
And the rose upon her cheek
Outshines the rose that twines above.

But the breeze,
Stealing softly through the trees,
Moves a rose.
And a petal gently parted
Falls like dew upon her nose.

How she quivers
And from head to foot she shivers
As she cries,
Half in dreamy, vexed awakening,
Half unconscious, "D—n the flies!"

R. D. Wright.



MR. ARONSON is to be congratulated upon the success of his first effort in his purely managerial capacity, a success which, considering the time of year and the many distracting influences brought to bear upon the manager, may almost be said to be phenomenal. "Nanon" has "caught on," after a fashion, which causes the D'Oyly Cartes and Duffs, with their "Mikados," to grow fearful lest their ventures may not be so fortunate in securing popular favor, and at least insuring the public against any slovenly work in putting the last-named opera on the stage.

Mr. Aronson has demonstrated that the Casino can not only get along without the fighting contingent, personified in the valorous McCaull, but may even improve.

CONCERNING the libretto of "Nanon," there is not much to be said, save that it is the work of the ubiquitous Rosenfeld, but is not quite up to his usual standard of badness.

After having his name attached to such a stupidly tame affair as his "Apajune" libretto, we can sympathize with him in his desire to be known to fame as the librettist of "Nanon," which he might be and still remain a librettist of a very low grade.

The music is undoubtedly pretty and almost catching, and the company sustains its work very evenly. It is in the beauty of its setting, however, that the piece excels, and Mr. Aronson's taste in this direction is to be highly commended, e'en though at times some of his costumes appear somewhat conspicuous by a large amount of "absence."

Mr. Carleton's realistic performance of all parts requiring osculation would seem to give the lie to recent reports concerning him and Miss Martinot—reports which seem very absurd when one considers the usual gallantry of the popular singer and the rare beauty of the equally popular actress.

We predict a long and prosperous run for "Nanon."

MR. DIXEY still keeps on in his prosperous career at the Bijou, and is nearing his three hundred and fiftieth performance of Adonis. He has suffered much annoyance from an unusual indulgence in such luxuries as law suits and injunctions, but he has become resigned to them as necessary appurtenances of greatness.

TRAVELLING companies returning from the West report the walking good, but complain bitterly of the service in the Central States, where one cannot sit down to a square meal without fear of falling into a tramp trap.



THE CASINO ROOF vs. CONEY ISLAND.



Mamma: DO N'T YOU THINK, EMMA, YOU ARE GETTING A LITTLE TOO OLD TO BE PLAYING WITH THE BOYS SO MUCH?

Emma: I KNOW IT, BUT THE OLDER I GET THE BETTER I LIKE 'EM.



BALDWIN, the California millionaire, has engaged Murphy the colored jockey for two years at \$5,000 a season, yet some people insist that the merits of the negro are not duly appreciated in this country.

M. PIERRE LORILLARD'S victory with Wanda, in the Lorillard Stakes, reminds one forcibly of the man who gave himself a quarter for carrying his own valise upstairs.

MAXEY COBB seems to have been badly overmatched by Phallas, but as his rider wore a Fenian cap, it may have been the wrongs of Ireland which proved too heavy a burden for him to bear.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE FOX AND THE LION.

A FOX met a Lion one day, and was so frightened that he ran into a house, sprang through a window and escaped to the swamp, carrying with him a part of the sash, broken glass and other useless *impedimenta*. The next evening the Fox met the Lion, and ran off again, but not so rapidly, and without being encumbered with dismantled window-sash. When the two animals accidentally came together the third time, the Fox boldly approached the big beast and accosted him as "chappie," "old chum" and "pard," whereupon the Lion gathered him in with one paw and lunched on his remains.

MORAL: This Fable teaches that custom makes us bold, but does not always magnify our wisdom or polish our manners.

THERE was a young gambler
named Coyle,
So childlike and bland was his smyle,
He had a great knack
Of stacking the pack,
He did n't play 'cording to Hoyle.

H. R. E.

SOFT PART OF A LOCOMOTIVE—
The tender end.

RATHER SET IN THEIR WAYS—
Compositors.

FOREIGN FLASHES.

TURKISH bonds have advanced three points, and are now quoted at three cents a hatful.

THE editor of the *Bosphore Egyptien* has received the following articles in payment from delinquent subscribers: A string of fish, a celluloid elephant's tusk, a second-hand jack-plane, a night-cap, and a mummy's thigh.

IT is rumored that the Czar gets ten dollars a week as special correspondent of a New York daily.

EL MAHDI chops off the heads of all strangers who refuse to embrace the true faith, and is rivaling Sam Jones, of Georgia, as a successful evangelist.

A FEW days ago a messenger boy climbed a Swiss mountain, when a glacier got after him and pursued him to the valley below. It was a close race, and the boy just escaped with his life.



A MEAN MEDIUM.

A WIDOW who had recently lost her mother attended a spiritual seance, and desired to communicate with the spirit of her husband.

"Have you met dear mamma in heaven, George Henry?"

Promptly the answer came back:

"Yes, I have, and I'm going down to sheol to spend the summer."

Here the widow said the medium was a "mean, nasty thing," and the connection was broken.—*Woonsocket Patriot*.

CAR HORSES NOT ACQUAINTED WITH IT.

"My friend," said a clerical-looking gentleman on the front platform to the driver, "if you must use the word, why not say sheol?"

"I tried that word on the down trip," replied the driver, "and I was ten minutes late at City Hall."—*New York Sun*.

A YOUNG artist who was displaying his latest work, a picture of a lion, heroic size, to a lady, said to the latter's little boy:

"Do n't be afraid, little boy, the lion won't hurt you. He is not alive."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," replied the little boy; "he do n't look as if he was alive."—*New York Mercury*.

A DEMAND FOR THUNDER RODS.

"You see," said the farmer to the lightning rod agent, "it ain't lightnin' that I'm afraid of, it's thunder. Thunder allers paralyzes me. I don't want no lightnin' rods."

"Well," admitted the agent, "I think, myself, that thunder is the more dangerous of the two. What you want is thunder rods."

"Have you got thunder rods?"

"Oh, yes; the brass-tipped rods are for lightning, and the nickle-tipped for thunder; but the latter cost a little more."

"I guess you kin put up a few of them thunder rods," said the farmer. "I don't mind payin' a little extry so long as I feel safe."—*New York Times*.

"Who is this Once?" asked a tired-faced stranger, looking up from the torn page of an old story book; "he must be a lucky fellow, whoever he is; I've read about him all my life, and he's always on a time."—*Boston Transcript*.

A CLEVELAND man heard a noise in his kitchen at night, and went down to see about it. When he opened the door and asked "Who's there?" two revolvers were presented at his head with the remark: "Your money or your life." The Cleveland man does not hear very well, and he asked: "What's that you say?" The robber in a loud tone repeated: "Your money or your life," still holding out the pistols. Then the Cleveland man said: "What nonsense," gave the fellow a push, and went calmly up-stairs again. The burglar was so astonished at this singular proceeding that he departed, taking nothing, after scribbling on the wall: "Well done, old hoss."—*Argonaut Storyette*.

HENRY HOLT & CO.

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

A new book by the author of
"My Little Lady."

Madame de Presnel.

By E. Frances Poynter. 16mo. Leisure
Hour Series, \$1.00.

Leisure Moment Series, 30 cents.

Cashmere
Bouquet
Toilet Soap.

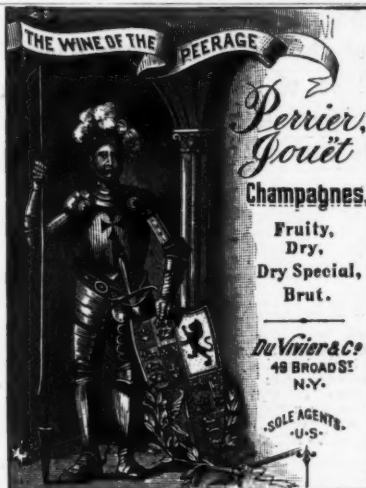
Has the largest sale of any superfine toilet
soap. Perfume novel and excep-
tionally strong.

Send four cents in stamps to
Colgate & Co., N. Y., for sample cake.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five
dollars for a
retail box, by
express, of the best Candies in the world, put up in hand-
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try
it once.

C. G. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.



Henriette Frame,

ROBES AND MANTEAUX,
takes occasion to announce that she is in
receipt of very choice novelties for Spring
and Summer Costumes.

Out of town orders receive special atten-
tion. Perfect fit guaranteed on receipt of
measurement.

232 West 22d Street, New York.

KRAKAUER,

Ladies' Tailor
and Habit Maker.

19 EAST 21ST ST., N. Y.,
And Bellevue Ave., Newport.

Would inform Ladies that he
will during the months of June,
July and August, meet the de-
mand for pretty, yet inexpen-
sive, Costumes, Coats, Ulsters
and Jackets in Serges and
stylish light texture Woolens.

My Riding Habits are cut on
the most improved safety prin-
ciple, and are unsurpassed for
style and fit—neither do they
"drag" nor "ruck up." In-
spection solicited.



Alfred T. Carroll,

TAILOR & IMPORTER.

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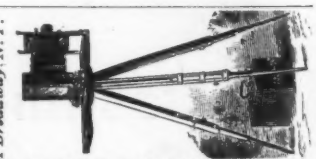
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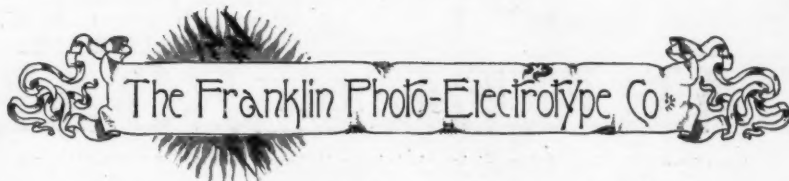


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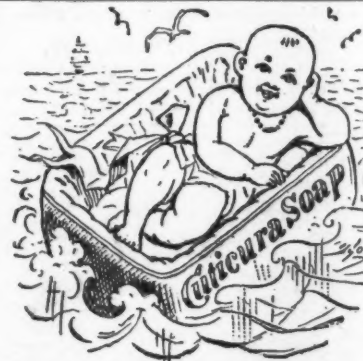
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